THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 3, 1807.

SKETCH *of the late* DUKE *of* MONTPENSIER.

THE duke of Montpensier was the second son of the duke of Orleans, unhappily distinguished by the name of *Egalité*. It is well known that the duke fell a victim to the violence of a revolution, the course of which he could not foresee, and his family fell with him from the height of rank and splendour to the depths of horror and misery. The elder son of this family, now duke of Orleans, sought refuge in America. By the prevailing party, which regarded compassion as an ignoble sentiment, and unfit for a place in the bosom of staunch republicans, the two younger brothers were, in 1793, plunged into the dungeons of Fort St. John, at Marseilles. Here they languished together during the long period of forty-three months. Nor was their captivity lightened by the cheerful hope of a favourable termination. Barbarity was the order of the day; and it shewed itself hardened against the tender feelings of humanity, by wantonly predicting to its victims daily the fatal termination of their captivity. The brothers, however, made an attempt to escape from their prison. The youngest, the count de Beaujolois, succeeded, and had arrived at a place where he was secreted in security. But the duke of Montpensier, in descending from the walls which it was necessary to pass, fell from a considerable height and broke his leg. By means of this accident he was re-taken, and returned to his dreadful habitation. The count de Beaujolois, on being informed of this misfortune, renewed the celebrated example of Nisus and Euryalus, and surrendered himself, without delay, to share the imprisonment of his brother.

At length, in one of the changes of the French government, the brothers obtained their release, and after great sufferings

they joined their elder brother, the duke of Orleans, in America. From that country they came to England, where they found a safe and honourable asylum. They were favourably received by the royal family; and the duke of Montpensier, in particular, met with a sympathy, capable, if any thing were so, of alleviating his sufferings. Her majesty even condescended to furnish him with various articles of accommodation from her own palace. The duke terminated a career, marked by misfortune, sorrow, and distress, with a constancy of mind and elevation of character, which would have insured applause in the high station to which he was born.

In the short space of thirty-two years, he manifested exemplary firmness and magnanimity, united with uncommon talents. At the tender age of 16, he displayed heroic courage in Champagne, and particularly at the battle of Jemappes. But his example is perhaps still more beneficial, when considered as supporting with fortitude the privations and adversities of exile, whilst it affords a lesson of moderation to those of the highest honours and rank of life.

His remains were deposited on the 26th of May, in Westminster Abbey, with great funeral pomp; but it is expected that the body will be removed to France, when peace permits. It was brought from Salt-hill, where the duke died, and lay in state, in King-street Chapel, Portman-square, 'till removed to Westminster-Abbey. The duke of Bourbon was chief mourner; and the carriages of the duke of Sussex, duke of York, and prince of Wales, attended the funeral.

POSTCRIPT

TO

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

(Continued from Page 591.)

WHATEVER comforts Lord Grandfield might have found in a lonely pillow, her ladyship, notwithstanding Fidget's information, might be said to be wholly unapprised of the change. Her mind had lost the power of action, her tongue the faculty of speech; she had lain down, as by instinct, she could not tell why, and in a bed she did not know where. Like Jaffier, she looked as if all Hell was in her heart, and she in Hell, without a single thought, one rational idea of the why or the wherefore, either to the cause or effect. But nature, assisted by her handmaid, time, will assert her rights, and by degrees drew

drew her out of that stupor, that had robbed her of the power of thinking, and now unveiled to her distracted fancy, as in a perplexing dream, the fatal consequences of the night, 'till reflection stamped them with all the terrors of reality.

To avoid prolixity, and intrusion on the reader's patience, we have taken up the thread of our little history, ten years after the marriage of our heroine; but to set the present business in a right point of view, a short retrospect of the intervening time will be necessary. Thus possessed of the woman of his heart, Lord Grandfield would have preferred love and a cottage to all the luxuries and splendour of the eastern world without her. Though young, his sex had given him a better knowledge of life, its concomitant circumstances and manners, than could possibly fall to the lot of a female, bred in virtuous retirement, however properly instructed, and elegantly accomplished that female might be. The reader will please to recollect, that on the first proposition of Truman with regard to ushering his daughter into life, and procuring a handsome town residence for the purpose, the good rector, Dr. Saintly, and Mrs. Love, were decidedly against the motion. It is probable they had their reasons; they might have observed a certain degree of spirit, an inborn something, commonly denominated native fire, that prudence demanded should be strongly curbed, 'till time could ascertain to what bias that spirit might tend; or whether the object by nature was a slave to the passions, or any particular passion or not; and this was a point that could not be decided, 'till the full powers of the mind were called into action, nor the governing principle of self-will known even to the object itself.

The first meeting between our heroine and his lordship kindled a reciprocal flame; but, as we have before observed, not on a reciprocal basis. However impressed with the beauty of the object, or a sincere votary to its fascinating charms, still his good sense pointed it out but as a secondary consideration, and that he ought not to love where he could not esteem. Her ladyship loved from the mere influence of passion, without any consideration at all. Even the encomiums of her father, served but as a momentary fanning to the blaze; it gave her pleasure to hear the object of her affection so highly extolled, because it gave her pleasure to have a theme so near her heart, so constantly expatiated on, but never duly reflected whether the praise bestowed was wrong or right, or for what particular excellence, whether of mind or person, she loved him for. Had she placed her affections less worthily, and her father, from prudence, had attempted to counteract her wishes, that high spirit she so fully manifested after marriage, might have broken its bounds; but lured on all sides to a gratification of those wishes, with that timid bashfulness, and nice decorum, with which Mrs.

Love had so well instructed her, and which no scene of her hitherto artless life had given her the least opening or incentive to throw off, his lordship, not more deceived in her than she was in herself, led his beauteous, blushing bride to the altar, and thereby fixed a thorn in his noble heart, that rankled in his bosom, and destroyed his peace of mind for ever!

His lordship's dream of happiness might have lasted some little time longer, had not his friendship for Merit compelled his attendance in London, to the representation of his tragedy. Her ladyship too must be presented. The preparation for court, the selection of clothes and jewels, the different public places to be visited, together with a visit of some length to his lordship's maternal uncle the duke of ———, in Scotland, pressed so much upon time, that shortly after the return of the noble pair to Grandfield-hall, their nuptial felicity was encreased by the birth of a son, the only solace and comfort his lordship had now left. He was immoderately fond of children, entered with avidity into their little sports, and felt very pleasurable sensations in their innocent prattle and observations, whether in the offspring of the peer or the peasant. With what rapture then would he have passed whole hours in the true ardour of paternal fondness, among a little prattling race of his own? Striving with an equally indulgent, delighted, and beauteous mother, for a pre-eminence in preceptorship, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot!" But that—"as of a gem long lost, beyond redemption gone," was to be thought of no more. How bitter then must be the disappointment! The short taste her ladyship had acquired of the pleasures of London before the birth of her son, acted after it as a stimulus to the senses not to be repelled. The earl, fond of her to distraction, too fatally indulged her in propensities, where indulgence ought to have been limited. The delicacy of her constitution was not proof against the assailment of late hours, and other undermining sources, flowing from the streams of dissipation, in the fashionable circles of high life. An ungovernable love of play superseded every valuable quality of the mind and heart. The mother, the mistress, the friend, or, in one word, the wife, were but a secondary consideration, or rather of no consideration at all.

Love, in a breast like her's, was the frenzied fever of imagination, a mere flight of *passion*, a transient glow, kindling, from concurrent circumstances, and youthful ardour, into a flame, which expired and evaporated in a blaze, having no rectitude of principle for its basis. From this inordinate predilection for gaming, a passion interwoven with her very being, every domestic felicity his lordship had looked forward to with rapture, blasted in the bud, opened not to beauty, or any of the sweet foliage of conjugal love: no lineament of a fond father, and

lovely

lovely mother, for mutual affection to trace in a beauteous lisping progeny, their present care, and future comfort in their setting sun. As often as the husband's expectations were raised, the effects of dissipation, acting on a tender delicate frame, crushed a father's hopes, and more than once endangered her own life. One sweet boy was his all! who feeling little of a mother's tenderness, encreased a father's love. For his sake and his alone, he had more than once acted with some resolution; and had it not been for the interference of her father, and the friendly Merit, (for both of whom he had the most sincere regard) would have determined on a separation.

Were we to assert the immense sums she had lost at the gaming-table, and other extravagancies, they would exceed belief; suffice it to say that his lordship had been compelled to more than one mortgage. Her father, to avoid coming to extremities with the earl, and seeing her reduced to disgrace in a separate maintenance, had privately made up losses, 'till all his funded property was sold out, his purchases in England vanished, and nothing left but his plantation in the West-Indies. Fidget, from her long attendance on the countess, had now become her confident, indeed had rendered herself particularly useful, by finding out an honest man of the tribe of Moses, with whom her ladyship could place a confidence, and apply to as a friend in occasional exigencies of distress, and who would advance certain sums, more or less, on the simple security of certain diamonds deposited for the loan, that on a moderate computation might exceed double the value of the sums received; but it being an awkward circumstance to a woman of condition to be without such necessary appendages to dress, the black cases, to the great joy of Mrs. Fidget, were again consigned to her care; the jewels well cleaned, and brightened up, the countess declaring, that no emergency whatever should prevail with her to put them again under pledge.

Matters were in the situation this digression has described, when the folly of this fatal evening left her so many thousands in debt to the colonel, and where we left her retired to bed, though not to rest, to ruminate on the consequences.

To sleep was impossible; vice had "murdered sleep." To think rationally, or come to any fixed plan, was another impossibility; the mirror of reflection presented nothing but daggers to her tortured fancy, with the fell fiend despair, directing their sharp and poisoned points to death or madness, without one consolatory aid to ward off the blow. Should she throw herself on the generosity of Lord Grandfield, confess her folly, and trust to his not quite exhausted love, for pity and forgiveness? This was too humiliating, and should be a last resource. But if she should not succeed?—"Ay there was the rub;" truth whispered

whispered she had deceived him too often already, ever to hope she could deceive him again.

The pawning her jewels would have been a salutary relief, but there were reasons at this time that negatived such a procedure. In fine, there appeared but one way to extricate herself, and that was a private application to her father. But here something like affection chilled her with horror. She called to mind all his paternal fondness, his care of her infancy and education, his minute attention to her wishes, his anxiety for her happiness, and lastly, the present enthraldom of his affairs, and reduced circumstances, wholly springing from her infatuation and folly, and bravely determined to dare the worst, rather than add an additional stab to that heart, she had already wounded but too deeply. That mirror of reflection, that inborn monitor, that obtrusive conscience, from whose whisperings even the most obdurately wicked cannot fly, brought to her imagination, in the simple garb of truth, all the horrors of years mispent, and all the compunctions naturally arising from a retrospective view. Remorse, in harrowing up the soul, gives poignancy to feeling, and by restoring to feeling the full powers of action, the comprehensive mind yields to the impulse, and melts in the sorrows of self-conviction, which never fails, as an impartial judge, to condemn.

Thus it was with our heroine. Her mind, torn and distracted by conflicting passions, like desolating winds pent up, at the thought of her father—her *dear* father! burst their confinement, and began to disperse and evaporate in a copious shower of tears. The mind thus relieved, produced a train of thought more active, as less confused; and maturely deliberating on the repeated fatal consequences of her infatuation, might it not be prudent to retrieve the error as much as possible, by relinquishing play altogether in future? But this thought, however supported by reason, like the lightning's flash, was but momentary; it took its birth from a spark of filial affection, a tenderness for her father had at the instant illumined. But as other thoughts would, in spite of herself, obtrude, and claimed the justice of being heard; she considered also, the dignity of her high rank—a peeress of the realm—compelled by her station to mix in the highest circles of fashion, and in such circles she must do as others did, or she would appear particular; but this was not all: whispers had gone abroad, that her lord and her had lived for some time not on the best terms, and the idea of being *compelled* to renounce amusements, she was so well known to be fond of, and had so long engaged in, would betray a plebeian weakness every woman of fashion should be ashamed of, and what one of her spirit could not brook. How could she appear at court? or indeed any usual public place, under such humiliating circumstances? impossible!—another morti-

fication too intruded, more severe than all the rest, namely—that she had no money to play with. This was not to be borne!

Indeed, if she could once *recover her losses*, which was not impossible, she would never again put fortune to the hazard; that she was *fully determined on*; nor would she incur the disgrace of compulsion, as it would then appear her own act and deed, and it was but right and just she should play on 'till the lucky chance presented itself; but how was that to be done without money? It was hard not even to have a fair trial! (without reflecting how often that trial had been made without success). The colonel, she knew, would not be pressing; the present disaster might, for a time, be concealed from my lord, and then what would he say, should he see her in possession of thousands, which she was almost sure would be the case, as fortune, from her own capriciousness, must, in the end, favour her. She then began to recollect, there were Lady A. Lady B. Lady C. Lady D. and so on to Lady Z. had all lost immense sums, and yet were now rolling in riches. It was true, it had been long suspected they did not play a fair game; and if people had been pillaged, it was but common justice to retaliate; besides it was only suspicion, certainty had not been proved, and suspicion alone could not seclude them from the best company. Rumour too had reported they had received private instruction from adepts among the black leg society, but still it was *but* rumour; they did not, like Lady Basto, keep open houses for the purpose of plundering, and, in her situation, something must be concluded on, and that immediately. With all the foregoing ladies she was on a footing of intimacy; with some, an intimacy approaching friendship: that friendship must now be put to the test, necessity demanded it; a little manœuvring might gain confidence, and confidence might add one to the *junto*; and with this pious resolution fell asleep, where, like Lady Townly, she dreamed of winning thousands, and awoke about four in the afternoon—without a *shilling*.

(To be continued)

Authentic Particulars of the Fall of Mount Ruffi or Ruffiberg, in Switzerland, together with Observations on the Causes and Consequences of that disastrous Event.

(Continued from Page 585.)

THE generality of the inhabitants of the country affirm, that the falling did not continue three minutes, and that it was felt at the same time both at the top and foot of the mountain. Though this calamity was sudden and unexpected, it had been preceded several hours by certain indications, which

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it is of importance to record, as they may at a future time induce people to escape from danger; and because they are the consequences of causes that determined the rapidity with which the fatien part slid from its base.

An inhabitant of Spitzbuhl, a farmer residing about two thirds of the way up the mountain, heard amidst the rocks about two o'clock a kind of cracking, which he attributed to supernatural causes, and immediately ran down to Arth to procure a clergyman to come and quiet it. Almost at the same instant, at Under Rothen, a little village at the foot of the mountain, Martin Weber, while striking his spade into the ground, to dig up some roots, saw the earth spirt up with a gentle explosion, and a kind of whizzing against his head. He left his work directly, and went to relate to his neighbours the phenomenon, for which they could not account.

The shepherds, who still live in places intermediate to these two stations, assert that, from morning and throughout the day, the mountain emitted a noise even to the moment when the separation happened. This they affirm was accompanied with such an agitation, that at the villages of St. Anne and Arth, situated within twenty minutes' walk of the places laid waste, all the moveable goods in the houses staggered as if in a state of animation. Nothing, however, was either felt or heard at Schwitz, which is only a league and a half from the scene. The noise heard previously to the catastrophe, proceeded from the breaking of the layer which had been undermined; it did not begin to sink and slide until all its parts had been disunited.

M. Saussure ascended the summit of Ruffiberg by its eastern side, passing through the village of St. Anne. The slope is always easy, and may be ascended on horseback The ground on this part is covered with orchards, meadows, and fir-trees, thinly scattered; the rock which serves as a base to the vegetable earth is not perceptible, we only see here and there large blocks of mixt stone, but these blocks have been a long time detached. They are found in a kind of little vallies, with which the mountain is furrowed from the top to the base; and seem to testify that Ruffiberg, in different epochs, and on different parts of its surface, has suffered dissolutions similar to that which has lately happened.

The summit* of the mountain has not fallen: it presents a horizontal line, which unites two inclined planes, covered with grass;

* There was formerly on this summit a fort, which served for a advanced post in the ancient wars which the Swiss sustained against the Austrians. Though M. S. went to the spot, he could not discover the slightest vestiges of masonry, or buildings of any kind. He was, notwithstanding, assured by others that some traces still remain.

grass; one plane directs itself towards a point intermediate to the lakes of Zug and Egeri, and the other descends towards the lake Lowertz. It was upon this last surface, and about a toise below the summit, that the separation began to be felt. The direction it pursued was, before this catastrophe, slightly cut like a gutter, or little valley, rather deep towards the bottom of the mountain, but losing its cavity near the summit. Along this way, throughout the meadows and wood, were to be seen blocks of blend here and there, half buried.

The east side of the driven cliff towards Schwitz, evidently shews that in the tract made by the separated section, the higher layers sunk vertically on the lower ones, by reason of a void space formed between them, in a direction parallel to their planes, and to the slope of the mountain.

This side presents a cut, or vertical wall, which was not seen previously to the drifting: the height of the wall, above the upper surface of the drifted and fallen section, shews the thickness of the pressing layer† at the summit of Ruffiberg. This cut is about fourteen feet high, near the top of the mountain; but it increased insensibly, and at some distance lower it seemed to be above one hundred feet. It then gradually disappeared under the rubbish of the drifted part. The rock constituting this wall is a calcareous and argillaceous free-stone disposed into layers, of which the section only is visible; they degenerate into marl, and, finally, into clay, by the action of water. The parts most accessible to this liquid are clay. Those to which it cannot insinuate itself are free-stone, generally speaking; for the different layers are not alike susceptible of decomposition. Their plane in the top of the mountain descends towards the bottom of the valley, parallel to the slope of Ruffiberg, under an angle of twenty-five degrees. This angle is least towards the middle and lower part of the mountain, for its slope from the bottom to its summit has the form of an arc, whose chord must be supposed to be up in the air. This wall, and all the beds of which it is formed, are split transversely to the direction of the fallen part by large and almost vertical clefts.

The layers of free-stone and clay are contiguous. There may be seen, however, between them, just below the summit, a layer of pulverulent coal blended, with clay. This layer was not above an inch thick. The upper part of the cut is covered sometimes with vegetable earth, and sometimes with great blocks of blend, which never mix with the free-stone, and are of a different nature. It was in some measure the weight of

† This indication is correct only as it relates to the soil near the summit, for in that place alone there was pressure without falling towards the bottom of the valley.

these blocks on the layers of the softened free-stone which occasioned their pressing, and, finally, their falling into the bottom of the valley. It is also to be conceived that the lower layers were decomposed before the upper ones, by the introduction of water through the clefts. This liquid, after having arrived at their lower extremity, insinuated itself between the layers, run parallel to their plane, towards the foot of the mountain, and decomposed them throughout their whole length.

The vertical section of this cut or wall, parallel to its length, appeared to be in a great measure owing to a vein of calcareous spar, which covers, like a varnish, the surface of the wall brought to view by the pressure. The vein thus cutting vertically several layers of free-stone has established between its parts a solution of continuity which has occasioned a clear fracture, and on a distinct plane.

The west border of the driven cliff terminates insensibly, and does not, like the east border, present a vertical cut, or wall. We shall now notice the space included between these borders

The summit of the mountain is an horizontal line that unites two planes of turf, inclined and supported against each other in form of a roof. About a toise below this summit, and in an horizontal length of two hundred and sixty paces, the soil begins insensibly, on a slope of twenty-five degrees, to divide itself, and in a soft argillaceous earth covered with turf, to present numerous fissures, often transversely to the course of the dissolved section. These fissures are wider and nearer each other, the further they are from the summit of the mountain.

We find here and there, casually, among these fissures in the vegetable earth and clay, isolated fragments of trunks and branches of trees converted into coal of a smooth, brilliant, trapezoidal, and lamellated break, and transverse to the direction of the woody fibres. These fragments are often cylindrical, and bear only on their exterior surface the mould of vegetable fibres. One of them was fourteen inches long, and nine broad; but in general they are much less. They are not at all pyriteous, no more than the rest of the mountain. Their presence in this place was known before the separation, and did not contribute to that event. They are not found in large quantities, except on the summit of Ruffiberg. The entireness of the ranges of turf included between the fissures, shew that there was no decomposition of the part near the summit of the mountain, but merely a sinking, which is manifest from the height of the scarp, or cut, of free-stone, at the foot of which these fissures are discoverable. Their number increases proportionably in descending, and they soon multiply and enlarge to such a degree, as to present nothing but blocks

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of argillaceous earth overturned in every manner. It is here, and about thirty toises below the summit, that one could discover green wood, which had all at once changed place with the bed of earth on which it vegetated. The further falling of this wood is much dreaded; but such fears do not appear, at least for the present, to be well founded, because the sinking is complete. The agitation which resulted from it has given the present soil a solid station. The wood itself stands on a plane, inclined at most about twenty-five degrees, and this slope is too gentle for it to make much way, by the mere effect of inclination. Some few trees may be separated, or, perhaps, rooted up, but they will not glide with all the ruin of a dissolution to the foot of the mountain, until the layer of freestone, or blend, which forms their basis, shall have been destroyed, and softened by the action of water, and this decomposition seems to require a long series of years.

A manuscript of 1352 relates, that a village, named Rothen, once stood on that part of Ruffiberg where the late calamity happened. Tradition, confirmed by several monuments, informs us, that this village was destroyed by a catastrophe very much like the one now described, and it has been rebuilt by little and little, and chiefly within a century, on the ruins of the ancient village. We can conclude but little from the past in elucidation of the present, in events so little susceptible of calculation; but it appears to M. Saussure, in offering conjectures on this subject, that it would require much longer than a century to effect this softening of the layers.

The fall of the ruins of the drifted part is, at present, much less to be dreaded than that of some parts of the mountain which have not been removed. All the vertical range of freestone which forms the eastern border of the dissolved part must fall; for the principles of destruction are in a very advanced state, and precisely similar to those which produced the last separation.

A month after this catastrophe, and when much rain had fallen in the interval, the Ruffiberg daily resounded with the explosions of rocks made with powder to form a way across the fallen part; yet there had been no remarkable changes effected among the ruins. Some stones suspended here and there between blocks of softened clay took a more fixed situation, but they gave but little way, and there had been no such motion in the wood as to apprehend its gliding further.

The ruins in parts parallel and inferior to this wood become stoney or composed of great blocks of blend, with interlayers of softened clay: it declines on the west border by a scarp or cut of blend placed below the principal ridge. Thus were formed two stony torrents, which after having descended in a parallel direction one above the other towards the S. E. and

destroyed the little villages of Spitzbuhl, Ober Rothen, and Under Rothen, situated on the slope of the mountain, reunited at its foot, traversed the valley of Arth, which is here half a league broad, and, by extending themselves, covered three fourths of its length to the distance of a league; they proceeded on one part to heap themselves at the foot of Mount Rigi, and on the other to fall into the lake of Lowertz.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Bishop Porteus's Defence of Christianity against the Charge of encouraging Cruelty.

THERE are few arguments against the truth and divine origin of the Christian revelation, on which the adversaries of our faith more frequently and vehemently declaim, than that spirit of cruelty and intolerance which they contend is its distinguishing feature, and the endless massacres, wars, and persecutions, with which (they affirm) that spirit has desolated the Christian world.

That too many of the professors of our religion, have, by their intemperate and inhuman conduct, brought reproach upon the gospel, and extreme misery upon their fellow-creatures, is, it must be confessed, unquestionably true; but it is no less true, that others ought to bear a large share of that odium which is generally thrown exclusively on the disciples of Christ, and that it is not Christianity, but human nature, that is chargeable with the guilt of persecution. It is beyond a doubt, that a large part of those bitter dissensions and sanguinary contests which have been usually styled religious, and with the entire guilt of which Christianity has been very unjustly loaded, were altogether, or at least in a great measure, owing to political causes, and that difference of opinion in matters of faith, has much oftener been the ostensible, than the real cause of those calamities which have been ascribed to it. But allowing it to be in some cases the real cause, still the gospel itself stands perfectly clear of all blame on that account. Whatever mischief persecution has done in the world (and it has, God knows! done full enough) it was not Christ, but some mistaken followers of Christ, that brought this sword upon earth, and it would be as injurious to ascribe to Christianity the false opinions, and wrong practices of its disciples, however pernicious, as to impute to the physician the fatal mistakes of those who administered his medicines. The very best laws are liable to be misinterpreted and perverted. It was the fate of the evangelical law to be so. Its spirit was misunderstood, and its precepts misapplied by some of its avowed friends, and its authority made use of as a cloak for ambition, resentment, cruelty,

elty, and oppression, by some of its secret enemies. But the gospel all the while was guiltless of this blood. It disclaimed and abhorred such unnatural supports, which it was as far from wanting as it was from prescribing. It authorised the use of no other means of conviction but gentleness and persuasion, and if any of its disciples, by a misguided zeal, have been betrayed into violent and sanguinary measures, the blame is all their own, and it is they must answer for it, not Jesus or his religion.

But this is not all: the defence of our divine religion against the charge of cruelty, must by no means rest here. We contend not only that it has never been the real source of any misery on earth, but that, on the contrary, it has added most essentially to the sum of human happiness; that it is not only in its own nature calculated to promote the peace, the welfare, and the comfort of mankind, but that it has actually done so; that its beneficial effects are in a greater or less degree visible throughout the Christian world, and that considered in all the various points of view in which it presents itself to our observation, and in all its different bearings on the several conditions and relations of human life, it appears evidently to be the greatest and most substantial blessing, even in its present state, that Heaven in its bounty ever conferred upon the sons of men.

Mr. Opie's Interview with his Majesty, and its Consequences.

MR. OPIE had not been long in London before his talents rendered him conspicuous. Through the recommendation of Dr. Wolcot, his pictures were shewn to Mrs. Boscawen, and by this lady he was introduced to the late Mrs. Delancy. It was she that procured to our artist the royal notice. Having contrived an opportunity for the royal family to see his 'Old Beggar Man,' the painter of that picture was soon afterwards honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham House. Opie's account of this affair was given, on his return, in a characteristical manner to the doctor, who has often been heard to relate it with great humour.

"There was Mr. West," said John, "in the room, and another gentleman. First, her majesty came in; and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, 'till I saw her face, and discovered by her features that she was the queen. In a few minutes afterwards his m—y came hopping in; I suppose," says John, "because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures, and liked them; but he whispered to Mr. West—'tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them.' The one he bought was that of 'A Man struck blind by Lightning;"

ning;" the price given was 10l. and with this John returned to the doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, told him—"Why, John, thou hast only got eight pounds for thy picture." "Indeed but I have though," cried John, "for I have got the ten pounds safe in my pocket." At this he shewed him the money. "Aye," rejoined the doctor, "but dost thou know that his m——y has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds." "D—n it, so he has," cried John: "I'll go back and *knock* at the door, and ask for the frame; d—n it, I will." He was about to proceed, but was dissuaded from it by his friend.

The consequence, however, of this royal interview was, that he immediately became popular. His door was thronged with carriages; the nobility were eager to have their lineaments traced by the hand of the self-taught boy from the tin mines in Cornwall. But the ladies soon deserted him.—Opie wanted grace: He could paint the stern features of man; the visage of the midnight assassin; the ferocious countenance of the warrior; the conjunct appearance of beggary and decrepitude; but could not attain to the power of depicting the soft elegance and graceful loveliness of the female sex. His manner was too harsh and rigid; feminine delicacy of character was lost. The ladies soon discovered this, and transferred their patronage to other artists. Opie was perhaps too punctiliously accurate to please the sex; whatever defects marked the original, even to the minutest, he transplanted to his canvas. This was doing more than perhaps was wanted: the vanity of those who sit for their portraits makes them anxious in general that they should appear something better than nature has made them; that art should lend its hand to decorate and adorn. Very few are those whom nature has formed so lovelily fair, that they can stand the ordeal of correct and minutely faithful declineation. Opie early erred in this respect, if error it may be called. While in Cornwall, a Mrs. Daniel, a lady of Truro, sat for her portrait; but she complained he made her too yellow: Opie, however, had painted her as she was; and he replied, with his usual blunt sincerity, "Will you have yourself? If not, I'll go down to Sir Francis Bassett's, and draw one of the graces from Rubens." What is undoubtedly real grace, our artist deemed affectation; and used often to reply so to the urgent remonstrances of his patron the doctor. Latterly, however, he acquired more of it; and it is believed, the marked improvement in female portraits in this particular, which he displayed in his latter efforts, was owing, in a great measure, to Mrs. Opie, who used to stand over him, and endeavour to make him sensible of the true grace of the female form.

In 1786, our artist was known as an exhibitor at Somerset House; and soon after he aspired to academical honours. He

attained, ultimately, to the rank of a royal academician. But the tide of popular favour, which set in so strongly at first, now turned its current; and we believe that for many years Mr. Opie scarcely earned more by his pencil than sufficed to an independent and liberal maintenance. Yet his merit was conspicuous. Dr. Wolcot, breakfasting one morning with Sir Joshua Reynolds, shewed him one of Opie's pieces: Sir Joshua's observation was remarkable—"Why this boy begins where other people leave off?" A high compliment, and the more to be valued, because the professional testimony of a man who was himself at the head of the art.

Difference between the Man of Talent, and the Man without.

THE chief point of difference between the man of talent and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval. They are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple-Bar to Hyde-Park-Corner. The dull man goes straight forward; he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family. He glances, perhaps, at the shops as he passes; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest-bird, clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard.

On the other hand, the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. Unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many coloured events of human life. He consults, by the aid of memory, the books he has read, and projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind. If he observe the passengers, he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom or folly, their virtue or vice, their satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoisseur or an artist. Every object is capable of suggesting to him a volume of reflections. The time of these two persons, in one respect, resembles; it has brought

them

them both to Hyde-Park Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar.

Letter from Major-General Jones to Captain Wray.

THE following letter, written in the beginning of the year 1657, by Major-General Jones, commanding in the army of the parliament, to the lieutenant of Beaumaris castle, in Anglesea, is, on the whole, a curious document. It exhibits the temper of the people then in power, with respect to a petty offence; and it shews the great attention which was paid to persons, even in obscure situations in life, who were of their own party:

" Captayne Wray,

" I had no time by the last post to write unto you as touching the two men you mentioned to bee continued in prison for stealing the lead of the castle. I have advised with the advocate-general, and he tells me they cannot be tried by martial law without being sent upp hither with witnesses, soe that the way to proceed against them is putting them out of the list, and then cause them to be indicted and proceeded against at the sessions, and likewise those that bought the lead of them. But if you perceive them to be penitent, and there is any hope of their reducement to a civil life, you may lett them return to their dutie, and continue in the list upon their good behaviour, and forbear further proceedings against them. This I leave to your discretion. I intend to allowe Edward Gregorie, for his encouragement to continue in the garrison, ten pounds per annum, to be paid him now in May; which I entreat you to pay him.

" I understand likewise that there be some fewe people in your towne that meet often together *to seek the Lord*, and to improve each other in the knowledge, and fear, and worship of God. I would have you to pay them fiftie shillings to bee by them at their meeting distributed as they shall judge fitt, either for the relief of their poor or otherwise, as shall be most conducable to the advancement of that good practice. I would have you likewise to pay to the hand of Cornett Jeffrey Pavry, who dwells near Pwllheli, in Caernarvonshire, five pounds, which is to be distributed by him, and those that walk in the fellowship of the gospel, in that countie, in such a way as may be most for the encouragement of their poor or otherwise; and twentie pounds more I would have you to pay unto such persons as shall come for it, and are appointed to receive it by a note under Mr. Morgan Lloyd's hand, which is intended for

the poor likewise, in other places where there is need. There will be, as I take it, twelve pounds remayning in your hand, beside the men's pay, which I leave with you till things be better settled, or an opportunitie given me to come to visit the garrison. I have no more to trouble you.

" Your assured friend;

" *April* 28, 1657. JO. JONES."

ANECDOTE.

THIS word was originally given by the Greeks to every thing, of whatever nature, that was made known to the people for the first time. It its literary acceptation it signifies historical details of such events as have taken place in the courts of sovereigns, and which it never was intended should be published.

Cicero, in his 17th epistle to Atticus, lib. 14. makes use of the word, but it is observable that he uses it as a Grecian term, and even writes it in Grecian characters, as if it had not in his time a synonimous expression among the Romans.

Procopius has given this title to an infamous libel, in which he represents, in the most odious and disgusting colours, the Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora. It sullies the reputation, and detracts from the credit of a writer whose public histories are valuable; but after the venom of his malignity has been suffered to exhale, the residue of the anecdotes, even the most disgraceful facts, are established by their internal evidence on the authentic monuments of the times. He seems to be the only one among the ancients who wrote in this licentious style. Suetonius, it is true, has minutely described the debaucheries of the first Cæsars. He detailed the private as well as the public acts of each emperor, with too much plainness perhaps, but certainly without the premeditated satire of Procopius. Varillas, a Frenchman, has published anecdotes of the house of Medicis, in which are a number of doubtful and contradictory statements, which have contributed not a little to discredit his book.

Besides these secret histories, the more rigid critics have given the same title to every species of writing which has never before been published. It is in this sense that Muratori, when he printed a variety of manuscripts, which he had discovered in different libraries, entitled them " Greek Anecdotes."

At present, the word is commonly applied to any detached account of celebrated sayings or remarkable actions, which are either omitted in general histories, or are made to supply the place of a regular narrative.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. A. Dyer's Charade, inserted June 8.

A CARPENTER's the well-known trade,
You hinted at in your charade.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Ryan; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; W. D. of Bristol; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. D. and G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; a private of the loyal Meneage volunteers; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. C. of Ottery; R. Trewavas, John Badcock, and R. Pentreath, of Mousehole; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Walter, of Plymouth; and J. Whitnell, of Street.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted June 8.

GOOD-HOPE's a cape on Afric's shore,
Which doubtless solves your mystic lore.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Badcock, R. Pentreath, and R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Whitnell, of Street; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Bickham, of Ashburton; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; G. A. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; and a private of the loyal Meneage volunteers.

Answer, by a Serjeant of the Broadhembury Volunteers, to J. Whitnell's Rebus, inserted June 8.

COMBINE your parts, in order true,
A BARONET you'll have in view.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; W. D. of Bristol; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. C. of Ottery; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; R. Pentreath, and J. Badcock, of Mousehole; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; S. D. and G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; and Corporal Colley, of the St. German's volunteers.

A REBUS, *by J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe.*

TWO-FIFTHS of a colour you first, Sirs, must find;
An element next will rush into your mind:
And if you please, Mr. Printer, be it further enacted,
That the name of an author from those parts be extracted.

A CHARADE, *by R. Pentreath, of Mousehole.*

YE youths who're fond of mystic lore,
My first and second pray explore;
Tho' of my first two sorts there be,
Yet it is nothing but a tree;
My second is a market town,
Next to a city in renown:
An adm'ral by my whole you will descry,
Who's searching for our daring enemy.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Addressed by a Gentleman to a Lady, when absent from home.

THO' tis seldom I visit the muse's abode,
Or tune my dull reed at their shrine,
Yet I'll think upon home, and the gift they've bestow'd,
And, Anna! thy praise shall be mine.

Far west on the banks of old Tamar's retreat,
Where it meets, and unites with the main;
Where the clust'ring beauties of nature are met,
And the graces conspire to reign;

There resides the lov'd girl whom I fondly adore,
Who rivals fair Venus's art;
For tho' absent, I feel and acknowledge her pow'r,
She has stolen, and still keeps my heart.

To be fond to subdue is the rage of her sex;
And then, how imperious and vain!
Yet, disdaining such errors, she cannot perplex,
The affection her virtues retain.

No conquest in nature is equal to this,
Where youth and esteem tie the bands;
Ah! who would not yield to be favour'd with bliss,
And receive the free gift from such hands?

Full oft we have heard of an ill-kindled flame,
Which tho' warm has flown into decay;
But when love 'tends the altar, 'tis always the same,
And shines as the regent of day.

Why then should events which are trivial give pain,
And rob us of joy on the road?
The wandering clouds no care can restrain,
Or prevent them from flying abroad.

Let but virtue and love unite their soft stream,
And glide thro' this valley below;
Kind constancy then will shed her bright beams,
And suitable favours bestow.

Dock, Devon.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of a* LITTLE BEE.

CLOS'D is Melissa's eye in death,
And clos'd her silken wing;
Ah! scentless now her honied breath,
And pointless now her sting.

Chill'd by a rude and biting gale,
And shrinking from the storm,
She left unsipt the flow'ry vale,
And fled the social swarm.

What

What tho' to us, her vacant cell
Shall prompt the tear to flow;
What tho' she chose no more to dwell
With insects here below!

Yet is she gone to climes more fair,
Beneath a purer sky;
There to enjoy a sweeter air,
And never more to die!

There sweetest flowers ever bloom,
There sweetest honey grows;
There ev'ry breath is sweet perfume,
And ev'ry flower a rose.

All hush'd be then our selfish woe,
Each struggling sigh repress;
Forget, at length, our tears to flow,
Since dear Melissa's blest!

THE WEST.—*By Mr.* MOORE.

A Beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursu'd us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My thought ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him.

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shewn:
As if, passion all chasten'd, and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

DUELLING.

A Pious old dame, to her spouse, full of woe,
Bewailing the ills which from duelling flow,
"How men," she exclaim'd, "can in such an affray
"Escape without having their brains blown away!"
Hodge drily replied, "You mistake, my dear jewel,
"If a man had but brains he would ne'er fight a duel."